

FOREVER AND FOREVER.

I think of all thou art to me,
I dream of what thou canst not be;
My life is curst with thoughts of thee
Forever and forever!
My heart is full of grief and woe,
I see thy face wh'er I go;
I wou'd, alas, it were not so
Forever and forever!

Perchance if we had never met,
I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless striving to forget,
Forever and forever!
Perchance if thou wert far away,
Did I not see thee day by day,
I might again be blithe and gay
Forever and forever!

Ah, no! I could not bear the pain
Of never seeing thee again!
I cling to thee with might and main,
Forever and forever!
Ah, leave me not! I love but thee!
Blessing or curse, which e'er thou be,
Oh! be as thou hast been to me
Forever and forever!

Extracts From Bill Arp on Beecher.

Mr. Beecher is a smart man. Mr. Beecher is a thinker, but he doesn't know everything and is candid enough to confess it. He told The Constitution's reporter that he didn't know as much about the negroes as we do, and he don't. When a northern man who has been raised and fed on the horrors of slavery comes down south it takes him about a year to get his eyes open, and when he does get them open he is the poorest friend the negro has got. The southern man who grew up with the negroes understands them. He knows their good traits and their bad ones, their instincts and superstitions and emotions and he knows how to deal with 'em. Mr. Beecher is an oracle, he has been changing principles and theology all his life. He fell from grace and rose again. He is smart, but he is after all just human and there are thousands of men just as smart who make no noise in the world. I would rather trust Dr. Leland's mind and his philosophy to-day on most any subject than Mr. Beecher's. He is better balanced and more sincere and less ambitious for fame. Mr. Beecher denounces the confession of faith and the old theology as founded on hate and fanaticism and says it was hellborn and that now we have a religion of love. It has taken him a long time to find out that our Heavenly father was a God of love and that Jesus Christ made love the very soul and spirit of His teachings. Hate and fanaticism! How long has it been since the reverend gentleman was willing to see the southern people butchered, their towns and cities burned and their land made desolate and for what was it—hate towards us or love for the union and the negro. I wonder if he never considers how much he contributed to this war of hate and death and arson and rape and robbery and desolation. It is time the preacher was discovering that true religion is love; but it is late—very late for him.

Mr. Beecher seems to have no objection to a white woman marrying a negro if she wants to, but he thinks Mormonism ought to be suppressed. I don't know whether

it is the religion of the Mormons that excites him or their having more than one wife. If it is the latter, there is some atonement in the fact that they do it openly and publicly and not on the sly. But to the southern mind there is something more horrible and disgusting than Mormonism, and that is the amalgamation that he says he has no objection to. We object, and we object so earnestly that it is against the order of nature—against the fitness of things, and we denounce it. Mr. Beecher is still a fanatic and his sensibilities to public decency are blunted.

All that we want is to be let alone and the negro problem will solve itself. It is solving now. They have gone to work and quit politics. The few who got a college education are still running about hunting for office, but one by one they drop in the chaingang for some rascality. The masses of them are doing better than they have done since the war.

He loves to work and he loves to spend, and he enjoys what he spends.

They know that they have strong arms and can get a dollar a day whenever the meal tub is empty and so they laugh and sing and joke and eat and sleep and live without care or apprehension. Sometimes I wish I had a little of their don't care. Maybe the wrinkles and the crow's feet wouldn't come so fast.

HONORS AT WHOLESALE.—It is said while the Rev. James Keene, generally referred to by the boys as Jim Keene, was a resident of the Pacific coast, a rough looking specimen of the California farmer burst in upon him one day with:

"Say, Keene, my wife has got a bran new baby, and we've named it Jim Keene Thompson."

"Y-e-s," slowly answered the reverend gentleman, as he passed over a twenty dollar gold piece.

In about an hour another man from the same neighborhood entered with the salutation:

"Say, Keene, what do you think? We have built a church up our way and named it the Jim Keene Chapel. Can't you come down with a shiner or too?"

"Well, I suppose I will have to," replied the Rev., as he shelled out a ten dollar piece.

Thirty minutes had scarcely passed when in came a third man with:

"Good morning, Judge. We are building a new school house over the creek to be called the Jim Kane School. Want to contribute a few?"

"Yes," was the reply as a five was passed out.

It wasn't over twenty minutes before a fourth man bustled in and called out.

"Keene, I discovered a new canyon up the country the other day, and I dedicated it to you."

"Look here," said the reverend gentleman as he turned in his chair. "I want you to go back and hunt up all the new babies, school houses, churches, trotting horses, canyons, lunatic asylums,

burying grounds and berry patches in your county which are to be Jim Keened, and come back here and give me the lot at wholesale, for I'm blamed if I am going to fool with the retail business any longer. Good day, sir!"—Wall Street News.

—A dude fell overboard from a steamer.

"Save me! Save me!" he shrieked in mortal fear.

"Hold on a bit will you?" sung out a sailor.

"Save me! I'm sinking!" he yelled again.

"No yer ain't. Yer can't sink—yer too dang light!"—Merchant Traveler.

—Miss A. (to Miss B., who is accompanied by a little dog with a stumpy tail): "I beg pardon, does this sweet little bobtail belong to you?"

Miss B.: "Oh, no, that is the dog's."—Fliegende Blatter.

There are 472 pensioners of the United States in this State who draw \$9,331 a month from the government. Of these Beaufort county has the largest number, 38, and Georgetown the smallest, only 1. Greenville has 17. Anderson 22, Spartanburg 31, Laurens 16, Pickens 13, Oconee 16, Abbeville 16.

It seems as if there is going to be some trouble regarding rail-road accommodations now. Since the Commission has reduced the fare in the lower portion of the State, they have no first and second class coaches, but anyone is open to all. On the Air Line Road these coaches are retained and no trouble has yet been experienced.

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Oct 12—12m

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sold at prices, sufficiently cheap to invite the attention of every one, should seem to prove conclusively to the mind of every thinking man, the prime importance and advantage involved, in giving them frequent calls. If there is another firm in the country who can better meet the wants of the people generally than they, then they will "yield the palm;" but so long as everything is favorable to a continued patronage, they trust they shall receive it. In addition to a full line of

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